

been coming down arranging their stock from 8 a. m. to 12:30 p. m. They were compelled to do this by order of the management, who absolutely refused to give the time or the necessary number of clerks to do this during the week.

For this work they had been getting 50 cents each. Last Sunday they came down on the same understanding. About 10:30 a rumor spread about the store that instead of getting 50 cents they were going to be fed on left-over turkey. Immediately a buzz of indignation started.

Then came the verification of the dinner report. There was a sudden rush for the elevators. The clerks were working on the fourth floor. Their outside clothes were on the seventh floor and the dining room is on the eighth floor.

Harder and Buell rushed on the scene shouting and abusing the clerks. Orders were given to the elevator to let none off at the seventh floor.

"We'll feed you if we have to do it by force," said Harder.

The mass of men, women and girls were put off at the eighth floor. Some of the men undertook to explain to Buell and Harder that there were several married people among the clerks who had made arrangements to have their dinner at home. But The Fair management intended going ahead with their forceable feeding idea.

A siege of excitement then took place. Three hundred indignant clerks pushed by the store detectives who were lined up with officials of the store and took possession of the elevators.

Harder and Buell became panic stricken. The clerks had been given a special Sunday working card. The store did not want these cards to leak out and become known to the public.

"Get those cards," shouted Harder, frantically. "Don't let them out until they give up their cards."

But one or two of the men clerks had their fighting spirit up. They reached the doorway and a battle began. Violence was used on the girls as well as the men.

But in spite of the attempts of the officials of the store some of them succeeded in getting out on the street with the cards and yesterday they were turned over to the Legal Aid Society.

But the fight inside still continued for a few minutes and then a crowd of about 200 reached the street. They assembled outside the store and arranged plans. Some one suggested

that the story be given to the newspaper and they began a hunt for one.

They first tried the Tribune. At that office they met a man in the editorial rooms who took their story. Then a photographer took a picture of the little army of clerks and said he would put it up to the city editor. The story was not printed in the Tribune.

From the Trib they marched over to the Examiner and told their story. The Examiner also gets fat advertising contracts from The Fair. The story was killed.

Then a few went over to the Associated Press, where some man was kind enough to give them a lesson on the modern newspapers.

"Don't you know none of the big papers are going to print your story, my friends. They all take advertising and have their hands tied," he said.

They went away much wiser.

Yesterday most of them came for their money about the same time. The majority of them determined never to work in the store again. They saw Harder and he told them to go up to the second floor. Some misunderstood and went up to the fourth floor. There they were told to get downstairs—and walk down.

"I won't walk down. I'll take the elevator," said one of the gamers of